

Farmer's Daughter by MilitaFire

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Summary:

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Farmer's Daughter

Author's Note:

My first contribution to Jancy Fic Week. This is a prompt recieved by @jancys-blue-bayou and I decided to take a crack at it! Enjoy!

Thwack. Thwack. Thwack.

Jonathan stands and pulls at the post a few times to assure it's back in place before moving to the next.

He's repairing the fence around the garden, because it's been forever since someone has.

It's also been forever since he's been doing this, working as a farmhand on the Wheeler Farm ever since he was a preteen and Mr. Wheeler had hired him.

For years now he's taken care of animals, worked machinery, mown lawns, and just about everything to keep the property in shape.

It's not the biggest farm, but it isn't exactly small either, and working as the only farmhand leaves him exhausted at the end of the day.

But it's not all bad. The pay is decent, enough to ensure that his mom doesn't have to work any extra hours and Will can get decent clothes instead of hand-me-downs more frequently. Mrs. Wheeler is one hell of a cook and sends him home every night with something.

But the thing that tops it all is her.

Nancy.

Nancy, with her brown hair that she always wore up, bright blue eyes that looked right through him, laugh that made his heart skip beats.

He met her the day he had started, Mr. Wheeler introducing the two. They had become fast friends, and it had quickly developed into something more.

He had no idea he'd fall in love with the farmer's daughter, but here he is.

It's a good thing the feeling is mutual.

They've been together for a year now, and it's been amazing. Mr. Wheeler, even though a man of little emotion, didn't mind them being together. The whole family didn't mind, actually. They've been used to having him around for years, so it's not much of a difference.

Nancy makes him happy, too. She's one of three people he truly cares for. She'll kiss him every morning before he starts working, bring him some drinks when the days get hotter and hotter, rub his sore shoulders after a long day's work. That, among...other things.

He shakes his head to focus, a soft smirk plastered on his face as he continues work on the fence.

He works for another hour unbothered until he hears someone walking up behind him and an arm wrapping around his waist.

"Hey there, stranger."

He grins and turns around to face Nancy.

"Hi."

She's got a grin to match his and a glass of iced water in her free hand. She gives him a quick kiss.

"I brought you a drink." She says, handing it to him.

He takes it and brings it to his mouth, tipping his head back and downing most of the refreshing liquid.

"Thank you."

"You're very welcome," she grins and wraps her other arm around him. "You been working hard?"

"Mhm."

"I can tell," she says, tightening her grip on him and burying her nose into his bare neck. On hot days like this he usually works with a shirt off. (He totally hasn't been doing it more often since Nancy told him she enjoyed the view of his back when she lounges on the porch and watches him.) "You smell nice."

"...Nancy, I've been working for hours. I'm sweaty as hell."

He feels her smile in his neck, and it sends a small bolt down his spine.

"I know. It makes you smell good...like a man."

"You're kinda weird, you know that?"

"Oh, forgive me for trying to give you a compliment!"

She giggles pulls away just enough to move up to his earlobe and take it between her teeth, nibbling gently. His breath catches and she lets go to whisper in his ear, tone low and seductive.

"Once you're done for the day, why don't you come up to my room? You've been working all day...I'll help you relax."

He manages to not push her into the grass and rip off her clothes then and there by the skin of his teeth.

She doesn't give him the chance to answer, pulls away from him and takes the glass from his hand.

"See you later."

She takes a sip of the remaining water before winking at him and walking back towards the house.

He turns around and continues to fix the fence at lightning speed.

He fixes the fence and puts the tools away, and he's finally done.

He makes his way to the house at a brisk pace, Nancy's words still ringing in his ears.

You've been working all day...I'll help you relax.

Jesus, she's going to be the death of him.

He walks into the house and is surprised to find it empty. He knows that Mr. Wheeler is out of town visiting a brother of his (hence the extra work on his part,) But where's Mrs. Wheeler? And Mike and Holly?

He shrugs it off and climbs the stairs up to Nancy's room.

He finds her door open, and he walks in to the bedroom to see that it's empty.

"Nance? You here?"

He hears the door shut behind him and turns to find her leaning against it with a smirk.

She's wearing an old t-shirt that she stole from him, and it comes down to almost her knees. She's not wearing any pants, either. His blood starts to move south.

She beckons him with a finger and he strides over to her in two large steps.

His hands go to her hips and he leans into her, pressing her back against the door. Hers wind around his neck.

"Where's your family?" He asks.

"Mike kept begging her to go get a new comic with his allowance, so she took him and Holly out in town."

"That's pretty convenient," he says with gaze trained on her mouth.

It's been awhile since they've done anything like this in her bedroom. The Wheeler's have a decent sized family, so there's usually two people in the house at minimum. And while Mr. Wheeler may not

mind that he's dating his daughter, he's pretty sure the man wouldn't like catching him with his head between her legs. So they often run off to his second-hand truck and get tangled up in the bench seat.

She doesn't answer, just closes the gap between them, and he allows his brain to shut off to anything else but her.

He leans into her even more, pressing every part of his body against her, and her tongue presses between his lips, asking for entrance. He obliges and savors the feeling of her tongue eagerly exploring his mouth. He adds his own into the mix and the way she whimpers softly sends a bolt straight into his jeans.

His hand moves from her hip to her thigh and pulls, and she immediately wraps it around his waist. He grabs the other and lifts her up, hands holding her rear to support her. Her hands dig into his hair, forming fists in the curls.

He breaks the kiss and buries his face in her neck, scraping his teeth over the warm skin. She keens and leans her head back against the door, granting him more access which he gladly takes. He moves down to the lower part of her neck and focuses on leaving a bruise there.

"J-Jonathan..." She gasps, and pulls his head back just enough so she can look at him. They stare at each other for a few seconds, heavy breaths intermingling, before she speaks again.

"Bed. Now."

He turns them and walks over to the bed, placing her on it before climbing on top of her. He pulls off the shirt she's wearing and resumes kissing her.

Their hands roam all over the exposed skin of the other. Nancy's hands find his biceps and give them a good squeeze.

"Working here's definitely made you fill out," she murmurs against his mouth.

It's true. Years of labor has transformed him from the twig of a kid he used to be. He hasn't turned into a bodybuilder, but his muscles have

grown and his whole body has become more defined. He's also gotten a tan from working in the sun.

His hands move under her to the clasp of her bra and unhooks it with practiced ease. She pulls it off and he lowers his head to her chest, closing his mouth around her right nipple and grasping the other breast in his hand.

Her hands travel from his biceps to his chest, then down to his stomach, then to the button of his jeans. She undoes it and pulls down his zipper before snaking a hand into his boxers and grasping him.

When she starts to stroke him he gasps against her breast and closes his eyes. He's never able to focus whenever she does this. A wave of arousal and pleasure passes through his body and he groans.

"Fuck, you're making me dizzy Nance." He whispers in her ear and she giggles.

She removes her hand and pushes his jeans down. He kicks them off his legs and goes to pull off her panties, but in a quick motion she twists her hips and suddenly he's on his back and she's straddling him. He lets out a curse as she rocks on him, only their underwear separating them.

"Nancy..." he manages to get out in a strained tone.

"Mm?"

"Could you...put your hair down?"

He loves everything about her, doesn't care what she does with her hair, but he prefers when she wears it down when they do things like this. There's just something about the way the soft brown curls spill over her bare shoulders that turn him on like crazy.

She grins devilishly at him and removes the tie holding it up.

Her hands move down to his that are holding her hips. She grabs his wrists and pins them above his head, and leans down to give him a long, lingering kiss.

She pulls on his bottom lip and pulls away just enough to speak, mouth brushing his with every word.

"Like what you see?" She asks.

"Very much so."

She moves her lips from his own down to his jaw, where she leaves a trail of kisses before moving down to his neck. She sucks, licks, and bites at his skin, begins to rock herself on him even more. He can't control his moan, and he swears he's never been this hard in his life.

After a few more minutes of this, his resolve finally snaps. He bucks his hips up into her, hard, to distract her. She moans and releases his wrists, and he rolls them over and pins her own hands to the bed. Her eyes are wide as she looks up at him, and he grins in an almost lethal way.

"Thought you were the only one with tricks up your sleeve, Wheeler?" He growls in her ear.

She gasps excitedly at his tone and pulls at his boxers.

"Jonathan, fuck me. Please," She whines, legs wrapping around her waist and her hips rising into him, trying to gain some sort of friction. He chuckles and releases her wrists.

"Of course."

He pulls down her panties, kissing her collarbone as he does so, and removes his own underwear. He lines himself up at her entrance and pushes inside, and they both moan at the feeling.

He starts to move and her nails dig into his shoulders, little half moons being carved into his skin. Their gazes don't move from the other's, chestnut brown meeting light blue.

"Jonathan, harder..."

Then it's a race to the finish, him thrusting into her with a fiery intensity and passion. She drags her nails repeatedly down his back, leaving scores of angry red marks in their wake, and he hisses at the

feeling.

He's moaning her name and she's moaning his. She takes one hand and pulls on the back of his neck, pulling his head down so that can whisper into his ear. She starts whispering that he's amazing and beautiful and that she's so thankful for him and *faster, Jonathan, faster, fuck, yes that's it, you feel so good inside me, keep going, I love you, I love you so much, I can tell you're close, so am I, Jonathan, baby, come for me-*

And that's when he loses it and calls her name so loud the whole town probably heard him and he sees stars.

He's barely aware of her crying out and clenching around him as he collapses on top of her, his forearms being the only thing keeping him from crushing her.

But she hugs him close and pulls him so he's laying on her chest. He rests his forehead on hers and closes his eyes. They stay like that for awhile, letting their breathing returning to normal and the moment die down into a soft, quiet thrum. She's the one to break the silence.

"Hey." She whispers and kisses him.

"Hey." He kisses her back and rolls off of her. He snakes an arm under her and pulls her into his side and she immediately rests her head on his shoulder and lays her hand on his chest, tracing random patterns.

"I love you." He murmurs, pressing his lips to the top of her head.

"I love you too, Jonathan." She nuzzles her nose into his neck, and laughs quietly.

"What is it?"

"You're even sweatier than you were earlier."

He laughs with her. "I know. I need to take a shower."

She nods.

"So do I. Let's take one together."

"...Nance, I'm spent."

She scoffs at him and hits his stomach playfully.

"Not like that, silly. Let's go."

She sits up and takes his hand, pulling him off the bed and kissing him and leading them to the bathroom.

Author's Note:

Reviews and Kudos are always appreciated!

Thanks for reading!